ROBERT IRVINE, D.D., M.D

BY HENRY F. CAMPBELL.

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MEMOIR

OF

REV. ROBERT IRVINE, D.D., M.D.

Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church,
Augusta, Georgia.

PREPARED FOR THE COMMITTEE ON NECROLOGY OF THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION OF GEORGIA.

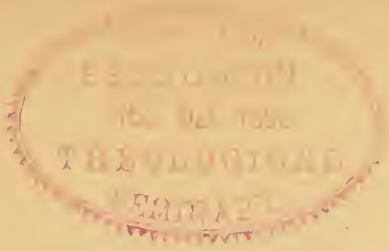
By HENRY FRASER CAMPBELL, M.D.,
EX-PRESIDENT OF THE ASSOCIATION.

REPRINTED FROM THE TRANSACTIONS OF THE MEDICAL ASSOCIATION OF GEORGIA—THIRTY-SECOND ANNUAL SESSION—1881.

WITH APPENDIX.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA:
PRINTED BY JOSEPH LOVEDAY, REYNOLD ST.
MDCCCLXXXII.

"Jesus is my Trust!"



Preface.

In regard to the Memoir of Dr. Irvine, in its present form, a few words in brief explanation are perhaps desirable.

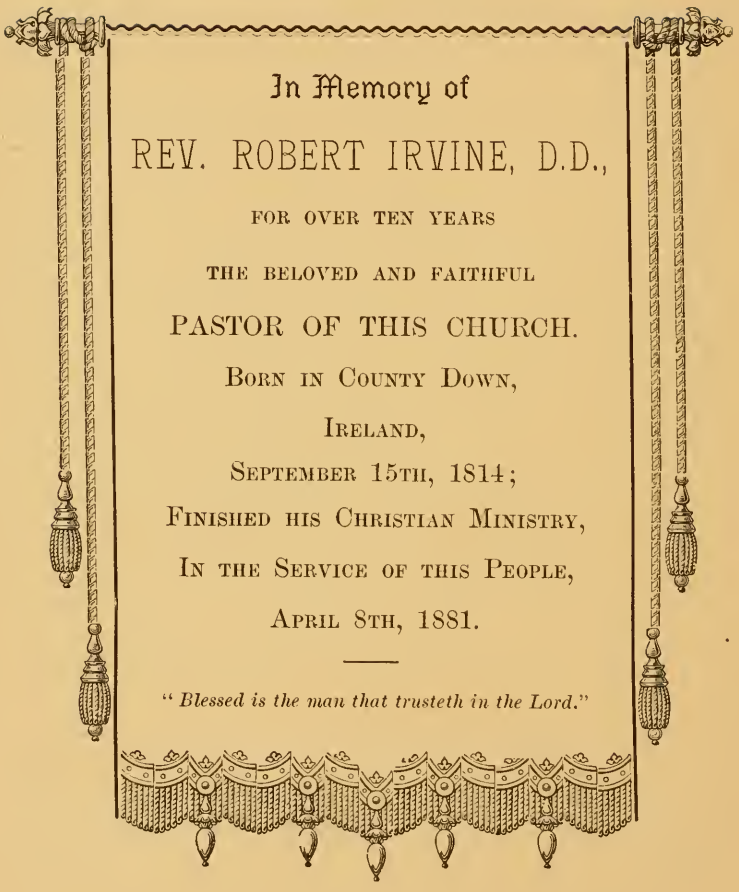
The Medical Association of Georgia is the representative body of the Profession in the State. By a time-honored observance—the custom of recording the deaths of the members in elegiac memoirs, more or less extended—it became the duty of the Necrological Committee to furnish a record of the death of Dr. Irvine, as a member of the Association. This memoir the Committee requested the writer—as an intimate friend of Dr. Irvine, and an elder of the First Presbyterian Church—to prepare for the then forthcoming volume of the *Transactions*. The discussion was necessarily restricted to points in the medical and ministerial life of the subject; and this will account for much that has been omitted in the present record of his life and character.

The presentation of the Memoir in its present separate form, with the addition of the Appendix, is in response to the wishes of those who desired such a memorial of their beloved Pastor, and to give a somewhat further record of the grief and high appreciation manifested at his death.

HENRY F. CAMPBELL.

AUGUSTA, GEORGIA,
April, 1882.

Mural Tablet.



Erected as a Tribute of Affection by the Sewing Society and Ladies of the Congregation.

The Inscription was prepared by Dr. A. Sibley Campbell, Deacon of the First Presbyterian Church.

Dedication.

To

Mrs. Thomas P. Branch, of Augusta,

and to

Lieutenant Robert J. C. Irvine, U. S. A.,

This

Memorial of the Medical and Ministerial Life

Of their Beloved Father,

Is most affectionately inscribed,

By their Friend,

The Author.

R. Irvine.

ARTOTYPE. E. BIERSTADT N. Y.

IN MEMORIAM.

ROBERT IRVINE, D.D., M.D,

"AND LUKE, THE BELOVED PHYSICIAN."

In the archives of medical biography are to be found many illustrious examples of distinguished men, claimed by us with pride while living and honored after death, whose lives had been devoted to other pursuits, and the record of whose chief prominence and usefulness had been made in other paths than those of the Healing Art.

Both from the living and the dead many honored names rise now to our memory, like witnesses coming forward to testify to the truth of this assertion :—Oliver Wendell Holmes, the poet, and the philosopher as well, of every household ; J. G. Holland, the author of "Kathrina," and one of the leading *litterateurs* of the present time,—besides many others in both belles-lettres and science,—were each of them early devoted to medicine. They gained their first sturdiness in her nursery, each learning to soar on wings of inspiration that had been plumed in the nest of his medical Alma Mater.

But, as more pertinent to this occasion, and as an instance familiar to the present auditory, let us refer to one who long ago went out from our very midst—from the

circle of the most active members of this Association—the Rt. Rev. Charles Todd Quintard, M.D., D.D., LL.D., Episcopal Bishop of Tennessee. Some few, perhaps even now sitting here, can remember him well, as, nearly thirty years ago, an active, devoted and fellowly member of this Association,—as taking part in our deliberations, as joining in our discussions, leading our standing committees, and gaining our cordial suffrages to offices of high trust and honor. He was first our Secretary, and afterwards a Vice-President of this Association.

Looking down the dim vista of the distant and shadowy Past, the gigantic shades of many mighty men pass majestically before our eyes, whom we claim for our brotherhood, though on the world's wide stage their *role* had been far different from that of the medical practitioner. How plainly and approvingly was our profession signalized and perpetuated in one who had come out of our ranks, when by the pen of inspiration the tender appellative was given, "Luke, the beloved Physician"!

"*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*," was the highest praise which the most profound and yet the most chary of English critics could bestow upon the loveliest of English poets. "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," "The Vicar of Wakefield," and his inimitable essays and comedies, have given to Oliver Goldsmith the place he must forever hold in the hearts and homes of succeeding generations, as well as in the temple of Fame. We still take care, however, *never to forget* that he, who "wrote like an angel"—who, "whether moving to laughter or to tears, was ever the powerful and gentle ruler of the passions," began his intellectual life by being rocked in the cradle

of the medical profession. We read with pride this chaste and classic Latin, prepared by Dr. Samuel Johnson for his monument; for, while it records him "*Poeta et Historicus*," it perpetuates "*Physicus*" also, as an equally important element in his triplicate grandeur.*

Multitudes of these master-spirits, living and dead, varied like the flowers of earth, and differing in magnitude like the stars of heaven, have given, and continue by their writings to give, light and happiness to generations now and yet to come. Among them we find good, quaint, old Sir Thomas Brown, with his "*Religio Medici*;" and that other and later Dr. Brown, with his "*Horæ Subsecivæ*;" and Charles Lever, "the Mad Doctor," writing a profound treatise at one time, and "Charles O'Malley" at another;—all maintaining, through medicine and other cognate studies in which they were engaged, a common, but in some cases an ill-assorted and varying, affinity with such illustrious names as McCosh, Paley, Goethe and Swedenborg,—and with Agassiz, Owen, Darwin and Huxley;—these last, profound philosophers in animal classification and in morphology—the most abstruse problems in the science of life.

But grandest and most wonderful of them all, is the beloved master and friend of the subject of our sketch, at whose feet he sat, like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel:—looming up from the mists of the not very recent past, we recognize the grand proportions of Sir William Hamilton, the greatest of the magnificent line of Scotch philosophers. While awed by the grandeur of his mighty shade,

* While the writer is aware that "physicus" here might be broadly rendered, "naturalist," it comprehends also the specific application, "*physician*."

and filled with admiration for the wisdom and comprehensiveness of his profound philosophy, we are thrilled with pride and affection that he, too, like ourselves, began life and—as everywhere his illustrations show—*began his learning to think*, under the tutelage and guidance of the medical profession.

A host of other distinguished names, both dead and living, could be enumerated, who, as we have said, while claimed by us as physicians, have yet become better known in other departments of literature, science and philosophy.

Nearly allied, though in contrast rather than in similitude to this class, was the subject of the present sketch. Each one of the others, from the least to the greatest, began life, it is true, with the medical profession; pursued it for a while, and was then attracted into other walks,—in which becoming distinguished, they cast back a reflected light upon the pathways they had been earlier wont to tread. With him, it was far different. Already illustrious, and bearing with him a name and an escutcheon familiar and honored over two continents, yet his thirst for knowledge, his admiration for our methods of investigation, his full and unqualified endorsement of our ethics, and his profound love and sympathy with us in the noble charity and benevolence of our calling—long more or less familiar to him by frequent partnership with us in the common cause of Humanity—constrained him, late in life, to pursue medicine as a study, to fully identify himself with us, to claim fellowship, and to gain full recognition in our brotherhood. With him the love of the medical sciences seemed innate, and his devotion to their studies and pursuits, and the enjoyment of the companionships they gave

him, made for him a most happy but a hidden and unsuspected world—recognized only by those who met him on their common pathway.

While rich and luminous illustrations taken from biologic science would often surprise his hearers, by the familiarity with medical lore exhibited in the adornment of his wonderful pulpit eloquence, he was never a pedant or a babbler of technicalities. "The meekness of wisdom" was ever to be recognized in his conversation. It was adverse to his nature to assume the office of medical adviser, or to become the endorser of any medical "ism" or patent remedy or nostrum. He was ever strictly loyal to the profession he so much admired, and no one engaged in it, even as an avocation, could more jealously have guarded its honor, or more promptly have resented disrespect to the calling he loved. He ever claimed for our profession the exalted dignity, and for its members the high position of being co-workers with his Divine Master, "the Great Physician."

In his life as a clergyman, residing often in large cities, it was ever his delight to join unobtrusively the medical classes in their walks through the hospitals, listening to clinical lectures, and witnessing with deep interest the operations of some of the most distinguished men in our profession. It was thus he became the friend and admirer of Sir James Y. Simpson, and of his nephew, Alexander Russell Simpson, whom he afterwards called upon in Edinburgh, and by whom he was received and treated with the most friendly courtesy and distinguished respect. While pastor in Philadelphia, the lectures and brilliant operations of Professor Samuel D. Gross were often attended

by him, and his deep interest and accurate recollection of hospital scenes, both in Edinburgh and Philadelphia, were often the subject of surprise to his friends—as he would graphically dwell upon the incidents so unusual in the experience of a divine.

From an early period of his residence in Augusta, and of his pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church, Dr. Irvine was, by the cordial invitation of the Faculty, a frequent visitor and attendant upon the lectures and clinical exercises of the Medical Department of the University of Georgia. So deeply interested did he become through this occasional listening, that he determined, in the fall of 1878, to begin a regular attendance upon the lectures, and to complete the full course necessary to obtain the degree of Doctor of Medicine. His attendance, though often interrupted by the duties of his pastorate and the care of his large congregation, was surprisingly regular during the two years of his "life as a medical student." He evidently keenly enjoyed this period of pupilage as a revival of past days, and as the renewal of habits, exercises and associations long laid aside but ever remembered with pleasure. With the spirit of a true collegian, did he enter into his work. With all the mnemonic arts and appliances of a practised and life-long student and collector of *data*, did his mind register, retain, correlate and master, every fact, principle and argument that fell upon his ear.

His power of concentration, his imperturbable attention, his miraculous comprehension and thorough taking-in of all that was said, made him a wonder to the lecturers as well as to those he delighted, in his *esprit de corps*, to call

his "fellow students." He, the ripe scholar, the erudite and expert critic, the practised logician, the profound thinker and splendid pulpit orator,—had found a new field to cultivate—a new world to conquer! And well did he lay himself out for the work in hand. His sturdy and commanding figure, as he moved among the striplings or as he sat upon the benches, with his pocketful of note-books for stenographic record of the lectures, was the object of special and kindly interest to every one.

His genial, simple and companionly manners, his hearty Irish humor and good nature, won upon his young associates, while his purity of life and conversation, and his devout character, made him everywhere an object of profound respect and confidence. To each lecturer his presence was a grateful stimulus. Each felt there was before him at least one auditor who could comprehend and appreciate the most abstruse problems of his department,—one who, though indeed an intellectual giant himself, and a dreaded lion in polemic debate, was yet, in his present humble search after truth, so deferential, so gentle and so meek, that even a little child could lead him in the unwonted path, which from love he was pursuing.

After more than two years of such diligent study and attendance upon lectures—taken upon himself *con amore* as an additional labor to the enormous work, pulpit and pastoral, of a large and exacting congregation,—Dr. Irvine, in all seriousnes and good faith, formally applied for the examination, conditioning, ordinarily, the degree of Doctor of Medicine. No member of the Faculty ever thought for a moment of subjecting him to the ordeal of a formal examination, which he undoubtedly would have passed

most creditably. It was with difficulty that an intimate friend could convince him—such was his modesty, and so entirely had his expectations overlooked such a testimonial,—that the *honorary* degree was well deserved by him, more appropriate, and more in accordance with the wishes of the Faculty. This honorary degree was conferred upon him in the forty-eighth Session of the Medical College of Georgia, at the annual commencement in March, 1880.

In April of the same year, he made formal application for membership, and was unanimously elected a member of the Medical Association of Georgia. Many will remember the surprise pervading the large assembly of members and invited guests, when it was announced from the Chair, that "the Rev. Dr. Irvine, a member of this Association, will open the first session of the meeting with prayer." Many will remember his appropriate and fervent petition, his constant and punctual attendance, and his interested attention given to the reading of the papers, and to the discussions during the sessions of the three days' meeting in Augusta.

He loved the profession with which he had affiliated his own sacred calling, he thirsted for the unfailing springs of knowledge it opened to him, and his great mind rejoiced in the boundless fields of investigation and of thought thus laid out before him, as well as in the exhaustless sources of powerful illustration he knew so well how to utilize, in forwarding the momentous work of his Divine Master.

Still, as yet sketching only a portion of the medical element incorporated in the life of this most extraordinary man—some idea of the uses to which he was in the

practice of putting his acquired knowledge, together with some insight into the origin of his love and admiration for our profession, may be gained by a brief reference to one of his sermons. Though, indeed, most striking in the power and aptness of its illustration, it is but one of many, from which equally forcible figures could be drawn. The sermon is entitled, "ONE BODY";—the text being the first four words of Ephesians iv. 4: "There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling:"

"The human body is a wonderful piece of mechanism. 'I will praise Thee,' says the Psalmist, David, 'for I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' Do we wonder that Dr. Paley, at the age of forty years, left his rich Rectory in England and went to the medical college, where he spent three years of a valuable life in the anatomical class and dissecting-rooms, examining the structure of the human frame, that he might give the world a treatise on Natural Theology,—the bulk of his argument resting upon the evidence of *wisdom*, *power* and *goodness*, displayed in the structure of the material body of man?"

"An eminent surgeon has said, 'I will tell you something about yourself,' and here is that something:—

'At the age of fifteen years, you have 200 bones in your body; you have 500 muscles; your blood weighs about 15 pounds; your heart is five inches in length by three inches in breadth; it beats 70 times each minute, 4,200 times each hour, 100,800 a day, or 36,722,200 times each year. At each beat a little over two ounces of blood is thrown out of it; each day, your heart receives and discharges about seven tons of blood. Your lungs contain about one gallon of air, and you inhale 24,000 gallons each day. The aggregate surface of the air-cells of your lungs, supposing them spread out, exceeds 20,000 square inches. The weight of your brain is about three pounds; at full manhood, it may weigh some ounces more. Your nerves

exceed 10,000 in number; your skin is composed of three layers, and varies from one-eighth to one-quarter of an inch in thickness. The area of your skin is about 1,700 square inches, and you are subjected to an atmospheric pressure of 15 lbs. to the square inch. Each square inch of your skin contains about 3,500 perspiratory tubes or pores, each of which may be regarded as a little drain-tile of about a quarter of an inch in length, and the entire surface of your body 201,166 feet, or a tile-ditch for draining the human body of noxious humors of about forty miles in length.'

"Such is the human body; and this grand piece of machinery is used by the apostle as a figure by which to exhibit the Church of Christ. It is made up of the aggregate of individual organs and members, each member fulfilling some important function in the economy of human life—each member in its place, and each performing some requisite office. - - - - For we are many members in one body, as we being many are one in Christ."

From the above it may be well imagined how this brilliant mind, having fastened upon such scientific facts as by affinity, and ingeniously selecting the appropriate text, would, in its abounding wealth of thought, and in its unlimited power of application, present, in graphic clearness, a picture—and conjure, as by magic, a spell, out of the most startling and convincing comparisons. From a collection of over two thousand sermons, many such evidences of the high value he placed upon medical knowledge as a means of illustration, could be presented.

But it is our object at this time to present only the relations which the life of our subject bore to Medicine. From other and abler sources we prefer to collate the incidents of his clerical and religious life, and, from these, to give some idea of that untiring pastoral labor—uninterrupted even for a day during forty-two years,—and of the

surpassing pulpit eloquence, which has made his name illustrious everywhere in the annals of church and pulpit history of his time,—placing it, as will be seen, by the side of Henry Cooke, Alexander King and Archbishop Richard Whately.

As the uncultivated ear often fails to appreciate or to interpret into music, the notes attuned to highest culture; so, common and coarser natures fail to recognize in man the godlike attributes which stamp him with divinity. In music, and in human character alike, enlightenment and refinement are ever advantageous to a clear recognition and to a proper appreciation of their sublimest and most exquisite tones. Only those who have lived and energized in the same sacred sphere, and who have known him from the beginning, can tell us, who have known him but towards the end, how noble and how grand has been the music of that entire life, a single strain and episode of which we have but poorly succeeded in only faintly rendering. We recognize it all as familiar and true, when told of his warm and sympathizing tenderness; of his ingenuous confidence in all who professed for him friendship; his touching and appealing childlike simplicity; his never-failing gratitude for the smallest kindness; and his ever-ready forgiveness of wrong or injury. All have felt the sway of his courtly and genial manners, of his cordial jocund humor which won, and of his loving kindness and truth which bound to him forever all generous hearts.

But from his confreres only can we fully learn his life-long indomitable energy, his self-sacrificing devotion—even to martyrdom, his abounding charity, his comprehensive benevolence, his strict integrity, his spotless life as a man

and his grandeur as a minister. By them can still better be appreciated and applauded his profound theological wisdom, and his vast and encyclopedic culture in letters, in arts, and in science. These made his simple presence a very school of learning, and gave to his conversation an ever-enlightening glow of intellectual effulgence.

When to the above strictly private and personal attributes, the obliteration of which, by his death, has left a vast void in his community and in the State, hourly felt and never to be filled, are added, his incomparable pastoral qualifications; his unflagging energy in the cause of missions and in the extension of Christian influences; his unsleeping interest in, and labor in behalf of, Sabbath schools; the magnetic attraction he had for, and the influence over children and the young; and above all, when we remember his divine gift of prayer—hope-inspiring and solacing, his wonderful pulpit eloquence, whose echoes—as, pausing to listen—we can almost *now* hear ringing in our ears—persuasive, argumentative, convincing,—profoundly absorbing the attention, inspiring the mind, and satisfying the soul,—how truly and appropriately may we exclaim, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

But we turn now to his life's record, as it may be gathered from the several eloquent and loving discourses pronounced by some of the most distinguished and able divines in our own country and the British Provinces. Widespread must have been the grief, and profound and canonizing the love, when from distant pulpits—like an answering wail—were echoed back across the continent, the lamentation and the eulogy, absorbing and softening,

as one heart, the multitude reverentially gâthered round his sacred bier!

Principally from the three following excellent discourses delivered shortly after his death, we are enabled to present, in brief, some of the more important events of Dr. Irvine's life:—First, that of the Rev. John Jones, D.D., of Atlanta, pronounced, at his burial, in the First Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Georgia, and published in the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, of April 12th, 1881; secondly, the sermon of Rev. James Bennet, D.D., in St. John Presbyterian Church, New Brunswick, and published in the *Weekly Telegraph*, of May 4th, 1881; and thirdly, the sermon of Rev. D. M. Maclise, D.D., more fully biographical in its scope, delivered in Calvin Church, St. John, New Brunswick, April 25th, 1881, and published in pamphlet form, "at the request of many of the friends of the deceased pastor."

And, besides these beautiful discourses—from the religious and from the secular press; from sessions and ecclesiastical bodies; from societies and by private letters,—there came the universal expression of sorrow, to signalize so great a loss. But more significant still of his goodness and his faithfulness, there came, too, the swelling gratitude and sympathy from the big common heart of the common People. This welled up now in memories of charities and kindnesses; of fervent prayers by the bed of languishing; of tears mingled with their own in sorrow; and, in their darkest days, of a cheering, hopeful voice, and of an eye looking upward, and of a hand pointing heavenward!

Rev. Robert Irvine, D.D., M.D., was born September

15th, 1814, near Saintfield, County Down, Ireland. "From childhood, he had the great advantage and high privilege of a most excellent home and of a moral and religious training." From an early age, he manifiested great intellectual aptitude and mental capacity. After thorough training he entered Belfast Royal College. "Receiving honors in many of the classes, he passed through the undergraduate course and then went to Glasgow University, where he took an extra session. At that time the fame of the University of Edinburgh, as a place affording the highest advantages for the training of theological students, was very great, on account of the eloquent and profound teachings of Rev. Thomas Chalmers, D.D., and other great and good men associated with him." Among these also at that time was Sir William Hamilton, holding the Chair of Logic and in the zenith of his reputation, as author and reviewer and the recognized leader of the Scotch school of philosophy, if not of speculative science in Europe. "This attracted young Irvine, as it did many others, to that famous school of learning, and there he laid the foundation of the structure of his theological life, broad and deep."

Having received his diploma at Edinburgh, he was licensed to preach, at about the age of 27 years, by the Presbytery of Comber, in 1841. He was called at once and settled over the large and important Presbyterian congregation of Ballynahinch, near the place where he was born and brought up. He here labored with zeal and efficiency, endearing himself to all classes and largely increasing and improving the congregation, by the employment of his great and growing powers, in their moral and spiritual edification.

Having continued at Ballynahinch for about three years, in 1843 what is known as "the Disruption" took place in the Church of Scotland, a large majority coming out under the leadership of Dr. Chalmers and forming the Free Church. The great missionary zeal growing out of this movement in 1843, seems to have "had much to do with bringing the Rev. Robert Irvine to this land."

In accordance with the "disruption" idea, a number of people had separated themselves in the city of St. John, New Brunswick, from the congregation, which continued to hold relation with the Church of Scotland. These had formed themselves into another congregation, named the St. John Presbyterian Church. In 1844, a committee was sent by this infant congregation to select a pastor from the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. Several of the most prominent young candidates were heard, when the Rev. Robert Irvine was unanimously chosen by them and cordially commended by the Belfast committee. He arrived at St. John, May 7th, 1844. He preached his first sermon May 12th, when he formed a Sabbath school of twenty-seven children, and soon after organized the congregation into a church, beginning with the small membership of fifty-one. "His preaching was with power, and so different from and superior to what the people had been accustomed to hear, that attention was aroused and much interest excited, so that multitudes were irresistibly drawn to profess allegiance to the Head of the Church." While pastor of St. John Church, with his most wonderful love and capacity for work which remained with him to the end of his life, he would preach in all destitute localities within his reach. "In Carleton he gath-

ered the nucleus of the Presbyterian Church on the West side of the river; he aided in gathering and organizing Bocabec, Nerepis, Jerusalem, Londonderry, Moncton, Shediac, Buctouche, and several other churches now in a healthy, growing and vigorous condition under their several pastors." With all this outside labor, his own Sabbath school increased from twenty-seven to four hundred children, while the little handful of fifty-one had become a communion roll of over four hundred members —such the result of eight years' faithful and successful labor.

He was now called, in 1852, to Cooke's Church, in Toronto, Canada. "His resignation was the cause of great grief to many people, but great though his labors were and wide the field, much as he would be missed and greatly as he knew he would be longed for and lamented," continues Dr. Maclise, "he from various reasons, deemed it best, all things considered, to resign and accept the unanimous call to Toronto."—He labored there two years, and lectured also on Church History, in Knox College. While in that city, he was unanimously called as colleague to Rev. William McClure, of Londonderry, Ireland, but the Presbytery of Toronto interposed and refused to release him, and so he continued and labored for another year." When in 1854 Professor George Young was called from Knox Church, Hamilton, to be Professor of Moral Philosophy in Knox College, Mr. Irvine was unanimously called to succeed him. He accepted the call and labored in it for ten years and three months. While there the Trustees of the University of New York conferred on him, July, 1856, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

In 1864 he accepted the call to Westminster Church, in Philadelphia. The church was not in a prosperous condition, and it was obvious that he had been called "in the hope that his superior pulpit, platform and social qualities would fill up their depleted pews and exchequer". The congregation was intensely loyal to the Union, and Dr. Irvine's decided Southern proclivities rendered the position undesirable. He remained but one year, at the end of which he accepted a call to Knox Church, Montreal, Canada; a beautiful stone edifice having been erected there with the view of securing his services. "Five years of successful labor in this great and growing commercial emporium," says Dr. Maclise, "gathered a large and intelligently active congregation. Then, finally, health and other considerations led him to accept a call from the important First Presbyterian Church of Augusta, Georgia, in 1870, where he lived and labored till he died, on the eighth day of April, 1881, in the 67th year of his age."

Of Dr. Irvine's labors in Augusta, it can be said that they were signalized by the same remarkable results which had attended his ministrations from the taking charge of his first church, at Ballynahinch, at the age of twenty-seven, to his last, in Montreal, in the ripeness of his power, at fifty. It has been seen that, wherever he went, feeble and depleted congregations were reanimated—handfuls swelling into multitudes,—while churches calling him in a state of prosperity, grew still larger and more prosperous under his splendid pulpit eloquence and wonderful magnetic power. Every one caught the fire of his heaven-given activity and energy, and wherever he appeared, he incited in the hearts of men the desire to give—to contrib-

ute their energy, their influence, their money—to advance the great cause he represented, and which had taken such powerful and beautiful possession of his entire being,—and the light of which shone like a glory in all the atmosphere around him.

Of the latter class mentioned above, was the First Presbyterian Church of Augusta. It may be said to have been in a prosperous condition as to congregation, Sabbath school and finances; but even in this, the advance in prosperity fairly attributable to his influence, was unmistakably and clearly demonstrated. From 1870, the time of his installation, the membership had very largely increased, and in the Sabbath schools connected with the church and its missions, the numbers had more than trebled those formerly in attendance. When he came, there were no auxiliary places of worship, or "missions," connected with the church. There had been, many years previously, a second church, but it had entirely failed of support, and the building was sold to another denomination. During his ten years of pastoral charge of the First Presbyterian Church, there were founded in connection with the mother church and directly under its rule, three distinct centres for Presbyterian preaching, in each one of which he was unquestionably the moving spirit of its origination. In the opinion of the writer, but for Dr. Irvine's peculiar suggestive influence, shown throughout his life, in creating and stimulating interest in enterprises of this kind, neither the "Reid Memorial Church," nor the "Uptown Mission Church"—now rented and occupied by the Second Presbyterian Church, nor the "River-side Mission," would ever have been founded,

or, if at all, one or more of them not for many years to come.

Such was his adaptability and clearness in extemporaneous sermonizing, and the attractiveness of his pulpit eloquence, that it enchained and fascinated not only the cultivated and the learned of the higher classes, but wherever he was announced in any of these several places, or in any locality accessible to them, the common people and the poor, of whatever type of belief, all flocked to hear him, and ever after remembered and praised him as a preacher they could understand. The very large congregations, Methodist and Baptist, of the colored brethren in Augusta, often secured a sermon from him, and the entire colored population of the city loved and venerated him as a faithful and powerful messenger from God. "There was such a whole-souledness in Dr. Irvine," says Dr. Maclise, in commenting upon his influence, "that people were unconsciously and instinctively attracted by and to him; such a magnetic, mysterious but potent influence dwelling in, and emanating from him, that the hearts of men and women, old and young, were irresistibly moved and moulded by him, apparently at his will."

"In the pulpit, he looked like a king on his throne, a right royal looking man. In utterance, exegetical, argumentative, eloquent, illustrative, laying poetry, science, the arts, history and above all, scripture, under contribution. There was a solemnity, a grandeur, an earnestness and, when occasion required, an all-subduing pathos in his voice; there was the soul, kindling and lighting up the eyes and beaming in the countenance; there was a natural and easy grace of action, pervading the whole man and

manner; all of which beautifully and harmoniously combined, constituted him one of the first pulpit orators of the age."

"Dr. Irvine's published writings," continues Dr. Maclise, "have not been numerous, and consist mainly in sermons or lectures delivered on special occasions and subjects of general or national interest. Various reasons might be assigned for this, of which may be mentioned the fact that as a rule, he did not write out in full his discourses, but thought them out, and then, out of a heart and soul full of the subject, he spoke with an earnestness and eloquence in full, round ringing tones, that not only reached and filled the remotest corner of the largest house, but usually reached and moved the hearts of all within the sound of his voice. * * * Were all his able and eloquent utterances printed and published in books, they would form a valuable library of no inconsiderable extent."

The high esteem in which his few published sermons have been held, and the exalted position to which he attained, have already been referred to. The statement is thus made by Dr. Maclise:—"Dr. Fish, in 'Pulpit Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century,' under the head of 'The Irish Pulpit,' places four names, and only four, and gives a specimen discourse of each. These names are, Henry Cooke, D.D., Archbishop Richard Whately, Dr. Alexander King and Dr. Robert Irvine. The names were carefully and properly selected, and were those of representative men. To be placed on a par with Dr. Cooke, of Belfast, and Archbishop Whately, of Dublin, is no mean honor; and the specimen discourse given as illustrative of Dr. Irvine's style, power of thought and eloquent utter-

ance will, I am sure, be considered by no one capable of judging, a whit behind the best in the volume. It was on 'The Self-evidencing Power of Truth,' and while it demonstrates the theme of the discourse, it proves the power of the man who uttered it."

But the gratifying and loving labor of recording some of the triumphs and the glories and the grandeur of the noble life of a noble man must here cease;—our few remaining paragraphs must be saddened by the melancholy record of his death. For more than a year previously, the health of Dr. Irvine, as was apparent to those most intimately associated with him, had begun to manifest a serious decline. Violent and distressing attacks of gastralgia and of intercostal neuralgia were but indications of more profound and serious derangements of his nervous system. Alarming and sudden headaches, attended and followed by prolonged wakefulness, were of not infrequent occurrence. In this precarious condition of health, he became the subject, in September, of the "Epidemic Dengue of 1880," during the protracted convalescence from which, he was weakened by profuse and exhausting hemorrhages. These *physical* causes of depression, together with others which the writer forbears to detail, soon rapidly undermined his strength, and led to the fatal congestive apoplexy with which he was attacked on the night of April 5th. From this seizure, which was followed by two days of unconsciousness with occasional lucid moments, in one of which he uttered the testimony typical of his life-long faith—"I trust in Jesus!"—"Jesus is my Trust!"—he never recovered. He died on the morning of the 8th day of April, 1881, in the 67th year of his age.

To this Association, the death of a member like Dr. Irvine is a loss,—more that of a Christian exemplar and of an inspirer and inciter to high and noble, moral and mental, attainments, than as an active worker, and still less as an actual contributor to science. To these he never did make, nor would he hereafter have made, any pretensions. One of the highest and most elevating affinities of our profession, is the relation it bears, and the assimilation it enjoys, in innumerable common paths with theological science and the clerical profession, in the promotion of the welfare of humanity. The charges of infidelity preferred against us, and the seeming present tendency to scepticism in some of the interpretations given to the recent developments of science, all render the coming into our ranks of, and the close affiliation with, an intellect so profound in all that pertains to such questions as was Dr. Irvine,—of the most wholesome influence, and of inestimable value. In this we sustain a loss which is peculiar, and which is over and above the deprivation of the companionship which in him we would have enjoyed, and of the debates by which, whenever within his scope, we would have been edified. His life-long study of theological science and of religion, both natural and revealed, together with his deep and active interest in the medical sciences, constituted him an admirable exponent of sound and reliable views on questions now daily growing in their interest and importance to many departments of modern sociology.

The gloom and sadness which spread over the community, and widely throughout the State, have already been described. Deeply and generally beloved by all classes of our citizens, all could realize the greatness of the

calamity at once, in the realization of his death. Of the vast assemblage filling the church, and crowding the church-yard and the adjacent street, and of the profound pathos pervading it, the address of Dr. Jones conveys to us a feeling intimation:—"What means this unnumbered multitude—thoughtful, solemn—these many tearful faces; this overflowing sea of emotion! The answer is: Oh! how you loved him! Behold, a strong man laid low. Strong in body, strong in intellect, great in life, yet greater in death, as we pause to recall the past, and draw near to contemplate him fully as a whole. As we are amazed to realize the true dimensions of some monarch of the forest when prostrate on the ground, whose lofty limbs had been above our mensuration; so is it when we draw near and contemplate this intellectual giant as he lies before us in solemn state. * * 'All ye that are about him, bemoan him: and all ye that know his name say, how is the strong staff broken and the beautiful rod!'"

At the close of the sermon, Rev. Owen P. Fitzsimmons, of Sparta, gave expression to the profound love and grief of all present, in his own parting words:—"Truest, tenderest, greatest, grandest of men, farewell! but *not* forever."

After prayer by Rev. W. S. Bean, the Rev. Chauncey C. Williams, rector of St. Paul's Church, read the beautiful and impressive Episcopal burial service at the grave.

In the bosom of the fresh, mellow, rest-giving earth has been laid tenderly away the lamented object of the love and confidence and reverence of all who knew him well. He has been laid near to the households, as he was ever near to the hearts, of his people. The majestic trees that

he so loved to wander among will still lovingly wave over him, and, asking for him *rest*, they will sigh an unending *requiem* over his grave. "Time, which ever brings us wondrous healing," may teach us to weep less bitterly at the hereafter more familiar shrine; yet, inspired by its hallowed memories, all will daily love and guard it more and more.

Flowers, upon which the pearly tears of affection sparkle like dew-drops, cover and beautify his grave, at the very door of the sanctuary where he has served so long and well. Gentle hands and loving hearts, with an activity ever more quickly effective than the determinations prompted by the love of men, have already erected within the church, a beautiful mural tablet:

"In Memory of The Beloved and Faithful Pastor."

Funds have already been contributed and the plans drawn, and a splendid and worthy monument, with his statue in living marble—white and pure, will soon rise to embody and to perpetuate the noble form and features which in the earthly tenement were the expression of a noble soul. The sculptor will carve in brief but glowing characters the record of his goodness, his loving-kindness, his faithfulness, and his transcendent worth. Being dead, he will yet speak to the living, and, as in the past, so through the long future will he "point to brighter worlds."

But sweeter than the flowers, more enduring than the granite base, purer than the sculptured marble and more ineffaceable than the carving upon its surface, is the love he has left behind him in the hearts of the people, and the sweet savor of good "works that do follow him." Tradition

—the ever-faithful historian and annals of the unlettered and the unlearned—will hand them down from generation to generation.

Deep in the depths of the great throbbing Heart of Humanity, he has graven his own elegy. Neither Time nor Change can ever efface the glorious and familiar characters, nor can any other earthly influence ever misinterpret or pervert their unmistakable and comprehensive meaning—

LOVE TO GOD AND LOVE TO MAN!

APPENDIX.

Resolutions of the Session.

At a meeting of the Session of the First Presbyterian Church, held this day, April 9, 1881, the following resolutions, prepared by Rev. W. S. Bean and offered by Elder J. S. Bean, were unanimously adopted:—

The Session of the First Presbyterian Church in Augusta, having heard with profound regret and sorrow of the decease of our late pastor, the Rev. Robert Irvine, D.D., do adopt the following resolutions, as expressing our feelings under this sudden and trying event:—

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God, in His sovereign wisdom, to remove from the ranks of the Church on earth to the General Assembly and Church of the Firstborn in Heaven, our friend and pastor, Robert Irvine, who for ten years has mingled his counsels and prayers with ours; be it, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of our pastor, the Church of Christ has lost one of its most learned defenders of the faith, a man mighty in the Scriptures, earnest and eloquent in prayer, abundant and self-sacrificing in his labors, and warm-hearted in his friendships, with natural gifts such as are bestowed on few of the sons of men, and which he had sincerely consecrated to the cause of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Resolved, 2d, That we recognise in this sad event the hand of that God who worketh all things according to the counsel of His own will, and who doth all in infinite wisdom and infinite love; and we humbly invoke His blessing on the church now deprived of its earthly bishop, praying that to us all He may sanctify this act of His providence,

that it may bring forth in our hearts the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

Resolved, 3d, That we tender to the family of the deceased our sincere sympathy in this, the hour of their sorrow, and commend them to the gracious consolation of that Heavenly Father who comforteth us in all our affliction, and who doth not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.

Resolved, 4th, That in token of our loss the pulpit of the church be appropriately draped in mourning for the space of three months, and, also, that a suitable memorial be engrossed on the pages of our Record Book, with these resolutions.

Resolved, 5th, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the newspapers of our city, and also in the *Southern Presbyterian*, the *Christian Observer*, of Louisville, Ky., and in the *New York Observer*.

Resolved, 6th, That we hereby call, most earnestly and affectionately, upon all the professing members of our bereaved church to unite their prayers and their labors with ours, that we may be enabled, in this sad and trying hour, to take wise and suitable counsel together to provide temporarily for the regular worship of the House of God until such time as God in His Providence shall send to us an under-shepherd of His flock.

"Now, our Lord Jesus Christ Himself, and God even our Father, which hath loved us and hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace, comfort our hearts and establish us in every good word and work."

J. S. Bean,
Clerk.

Rev. John Jones, D.D.,
Moderator.

Tribute of Respect.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Sewing Society of the First Presbyterian Church, held at the residence of Mr. Samuel H. Sibley, on the 18th instant, the following Resolutions, prepared and offered by Mrs. Henry F. Campbell, were read and unanimously adopted:—

Whereas, Our beloved friend and revered pastor, Rev. Robert Irvine, D.D., M.D., ended his labors on earth in the cause of Christ, and passed "from grace to glory" on the morning of Friday, the 8th instant, at 20 minutes past 9 o'clock: Be it, therefore,

Resolved, That we, the members of this Sewing Society, cannot refrain from giving expression to the strong and tender affection we bore him; to our unswerving trust and faith in him; and to the deep grief that fills our hearts, in view of the unutterable calamity of his death.

Resolved, That we now lift our hearts in thankfulness to God that for ten years we have been allowed to enjoy the inestimable privilege of hearing the truths and riches of the Holy Scriptures set forth by this learned and eloquent ambassador of Christ—eloquent with the genius that was his native gift, and with the inspired knowledge that his fervent piety won from his Heavenly Master. May the remembrance of these precious gospel teachings live while memory holds its throne, and, we prayerfully trust, influence our future lives.

Resolved, That Dr. Irvine's ministrations in the sick room, his prayers of rejoicing with us when our dear ones were given back to us in health; his words of comfort to the mourner when human skill proved vain; his prayers

with and for the sick appointed unto death—with lips eloquent as though touched by seraph "with a live coal from off the altar;" his office beside the bier when earth received "all that death had left us,"—shall never be forgotten, but cherished among the sacred treasures of memory.

Resolved, That we shall ever miss his genial smile and kindly greeting, as he often appeared in our midst—urging us always to deeds of charity and works of love.

Resolved, That, as the only practicable method of giving outward expression to our great sorrow, we adopt the resolution of the Session, draping our church in mourning for three months.

Resolved, That, under this crushing bereavement, we will comfort one another with the thought that, though his earthly tabernacle be dissolved, our beloved pastor is of those "who have come out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb;" and that he is now before the throne of God, serving Him in His heavenly temple—all tears wiped from his eyes, all sorrow banished from his heart;—

"Out of the shadows of sadness,
Into the sunshine of gladness,
Into the light of the blest;
Out of a land, very dreary,
Out of the world, very weary,
Into the rapture of Rest."

MRS. R. C. KERR, *Sec. & Treas.*

MRS. ELIZABETH M. WHITEHEAD, *President.*

April 21st, 1881.

Our Beloved Pastor.

IN MEMORY OF REV. ROBERT IRVINE, D.D.

[WRITTEN FOR THE PRESENT MEMOIR.]

BY MISS S. B. CAMPBELL.

"Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

TRUE and loving friends were gathered
Round the dying pastor's bed,
Every heart was filled with anguish,—
In their faces could be read
All the grief that, wildly surging,
Rolled in billows o'er each breast,
For the Master's voice had called him—
Called him out of strife—to REST.
Well we knew that God would take him
From the darkness of the night,
And the cross of life once lifted,
His would be a crown of light.
Yet, athwart our hearts the shadow
Of our loss, fell great and deep;
In our grief, his gain forgetting,
We could only watch and weep.
Weary, sick, and looking upward,
He had longed to be at home—
"Oh for Heaven and Rest with Jesus!"
Thus he prayed, "when will it come?"
Like his blessed Lord and Master,
Lonely oft the path he trod,
But it led him onward, upward,
Every day still nearer God.

Thorny though his way and dreary,
Yet he fed the Master's sheep
With the precious bread from Heaven,—
Even when the path grew steep,
Would he strive to cheer the weary,
Led them by the waters still,
And with earnest love and patience,
He fulfilled the Master's will.
Mighty was he in the Scriptures—
Heavenly wisdom filled his soul,
Teaching us to look to Jesus,
Trusting all to His control.
Oft in words of wondrous power
Preached he Christ, the Crucified,—
As he pictured Heaven's glory,
Swung the shining portals wide;
And our hearts drank in the beauty
Of those realms of endless day;—
Oh, he brought us nearer Heaven,
Which before seemed far away!
All the poor, and sick, and helpless,
Ever found in him a friend,
Casting bread upon the waters,
Loving, generous to the end.
Weep ye, then! for well he loved you,
As his Saviour did before,
And the arm he stretched to help you
Can be raised to aid no more.
Hand in hand he walked with Jesus
To the land where all are blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
Where the weary are at rest.
Calmly as his soul was passing
To the mansions of the just,
Softly came the faithful whisper,
"Jesus is my only trust".

You must be as little children,
Said the Saviour, to us all—
Surely, with a child-like spirit,
Heard he then the Master's call.
As upon a mother's bosom
Sinks the weary child to rest—
With the words, "I trust in JESUS,"
Slept he sweetly on His breast.
He has left the land of shadows
For the glorious light of God,
Now with gladness he is walking
In the streets by angels trod;
Where His joy shall be eternal,
Where His love shall banish fear,
Where the feet can never weary,
And the Lord will dry each tear.
Great he was in life and noble,
Even greater in his death;
Faithful, true, he served his Master—
Preaching Christ with dying breath.
Grand and beautiful the sermon
Uttered ere he fell asleep!
Looking upward, trust in Jesus,
While above his grave we weep.

"Farewell, Brother, Farewell!"

Both in the religious and secular press, there were many touching tributes. The editorial by Mr. James R. Randall, in the *Chronicle and Constitutionalist* the morning after Dr. Irvine's death, we cannot condense without marring its exquisite beauty and strength.

In the *Baltimore Presbyterian* of January 12, 1882, we find a loving "Farewell" by Rev. W. J. Gill, D.D. It is his editorial notice of the Memorial Tablet. Than with it, we cannot more appropriately close this Memoir:—

"We are glad to see such a recognition on the part of the church in Augusta to the late pastor's worth, and of his most unexpected death. It is a tribute to his memory alike creditable to him and to them. Not lightly laden, but richly freighted, this noble ship went down beneath the wave. A conqueror over all his enemies, this valiant warrior won his golden spurs of knighthood on many a well-fought field, and, writing 'vici' on his shield, he died. Having erected a 'memorial tablet' of himself in the heart of every loving member of his church, and of multitudes outside, whose souls he swayed with his own strong will and imperial powers and sympathetic love, he has heard the call, 'Come up higher,' and amid the blinding tears of an unavailing sorrow, we see him, in 'yon blue heavens above us bent,' exchange the cross for the crown, and try to say submissively, 'Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight.' Farewell, brother, Farewell!"

JOSEPH LOVEDAY, PRINTER, AUGUSTA, GEORGIA

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